

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER



F. J. Goodman.

LADY JANE DOUGLAS

Lady Jane Douglas is a daughter of the tenth Marquess of Queensberry and of Mrs. John Follett (Cathleen Mann, the artist). She is twenty years of age, lives in Chelsea, and studies painting, an aptitude she inherits not only from her mother but from her grandfather, who was the late Harrington Mann, the celebrated Scottish portrait painter. Here she is photographed in her mother's studio



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Beware of the Dog

WHEN I first went to live in the town it was a smallish place sleeping (most of the time) under a rarely failing sun that had that somnolent warmth you also find in the back curve of a child's neck—it smelt of golden motes that danced in purest light and sang a wordless song of purest happiness before vanishing to a purest heaven. On the edge of the town, maybe not more than a couple of hundred yards from the schoolhouse, which was an ugly frame building finished 'way before it got properly started, was a stream, and in the stream were trout, fine trout, trout as long or farther than I could reach when I first was there, trout with the first faint blue of the sky on their bellies and speckles on their flanks that were deeper and browner than my father's eyes, but not quite so deep or brown as the eyes of Mary I was going 'long with then, carrying her schoolbag and Saturdays taking her to the Bluff to see the Old Man.

IT came to be a fine town all right. Sleepy, yes a bit sleepy, I grant you that on account of the sun, but not all that sleepy. A bank was built and it certainly was a fine bank, all white planed-smooth stone outside and big, glass revolv'n' doors and a striped sun-blind poking out over the sidewalk giving shade and comfort to customers and citizens alike—although, of course, most of the customers were citizens and most of the citizens were customers so nobody very much was getting what they weren't entitled to get, except, maybe, the boy who sold our local newspaper which was a fine journal and very forthright and local. He always stood under the sunshade outside the bank, but wasn't that convenient? Wasn't it convenient for the customers and the citizens? We always thought it was and, after all, we had to live there and it was our town.

Well, you could walk right past the bank and then, on your left, you came to the town's main general store which started in a small way, but it was a good store and the folks around were all of them good payers and never letting their accounts lie around until the dust from the Bluff settled thick upon them and you couldn't see the "Account Rendered" part. Now it was a building that imposed its importance and its wealth and its bulky stock of everything-you-could-possibly-want-cheaper-and-better, upon the eye. Certainly had been built-up and architects had come in to design it, which was more than you could say for the post office a little farther down which was a low, squatting affair especially beloved of the town's dogs, of which there were very many.

THE main street wandered and meandered a bit, that I'll admit to one and all. On the other hand, homey citizens do not care for streets and avenues (we had our avenues) that run so straight you can see at once what your Maker intended should be a pleasant surprise; they run to streets (and avenues) that twist and turn and double back; the sort of thing that

hides the past as soon as you see the future.

If you walked on up the main street you found yourself climbing somewhat and by the fifth plane tree where all the initials are, and where there's a seat with no back for the older folks who want to rest but not sleep, you need to get off your bike—if you're riding a bike—or shift gear—if you're driving a car. It's about then you look up. And looking up, you see the Bluff. You might think it curious, having been walking around town, that you never noticed the Bluff before. But that's on account of the way the town is built. Somehow you just don't notice the Bluff when you're in town; doesn't seem to be there. But it is, all the time it is, of course. Been there since before the town was built.

ON the Bluff, on the very tip of the Bluff, there was (in my day) a very large rock indeed. Big? How big? O, I'd say it was about as big as the biggest haystack in your part of the country, or, say, a two-deck omnibus with another one alongside. A pretty big rock, let's agree.

Now, supposing you got interested in this rock and how it came to be perched there, balanced there, on the edge of the Bluff; and supposing you climbed steadily up and up and up with the street just falling away to a rough, broad path. Supposing you did, you'd find (in my day) something surprising in the extreme.

Crouched there at the foot of the rock, wearing no more than an old, sun-faded singlet and a pair

of threadbare trousers, grey woollen socks and boots that water, wind and wear had made a dim memory and mockery, you would have seen an old man, bearded and frail and with a great blue vein beating savagely in his temple. You would have seen that the bronze the sun had laid upon him over the years had now turned gold-yellow, and this would have made you think of the patina on those Elgin marbles that the earl took from Athens. Doubt whether you'd have seen the old feller's eyes; they were usually cast down, very intent on the job in hand. (But I can tell you they were light blue—very light blue.) What you would have seen, instantly, was that he was scrabbling away at the earth around the rock, persistent as a mole, earnest as a beaver, never stopping, always at it. Scabble, scabble, scabble, scabble. The nails of his fingers all broken and black.

Strange thing, eh? Old feller crazy, or something? Maybe, maybe, maybe he was. On the other hand, maybe he wasn't. Maybe that devotion to a task, that implacable fusion of the will and the spirit, that singleness of purpose, meant something; stood for some profound truth, maybe?

In all the years I watched him, on and off, I never knew the answer. Sometimes I'd watch him for hours, lying there on my belly right beside him. He'd never speak, not even to me. He knew me all right, of course. Used to mutter if I stayed too long—mutter to himself. He could look at me with the sun full in his eyes and never shade them for a second, nor blink; but that wouldn't last long. In a couple of minutes he was back scrabbling, scrabbling and scrabbling.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Don't forget the usual dozen stouts with the wine order, Alf . . . you know . . ."

WELL, it must be best of three years ago now when I was working on the night shift of the *Mail*; the trick was seven at night until two in the morning, and this would be about half past one a.m. Down below the machines were churning out the paper and the delivery vans were roaring off into the darkness with their bundles for the country towns. The ticker machines sounded irritable, giving quick, nervous bursts and saying nothing much more enlightening than that the quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's back. Then they stopped, and it was the sort of stop (if you follow me, which is unlikely if you've never been in the business) that made you stop—and listen. A minute, maybe two, and then they started again; but this time with something to say. Seemed there'd been something pretty terrible happening in the old town, wasn't certain what, but at best the bank had been smashed to atoms, the schoolhouse had gone for six, houses had been ripped down like there had been a tornado and much terror was abroad.

It took me five hours to get there and the sun was already high up and doing its best to soothe the injured town with fingers that seemed to me softer and more golden than ever I'd seen them. There was a thin blue haze draping the top of the Bluff, but down its face there was a livid scar. They told me: "The rock came down from the Bluff."

So it had. The great rock had rolled down and, gathering frightful speed, had crashed, bounced and blundered its way through all that stood in its path; and then, with a final monstrous bound, had dug itself deep into soft ground not forty feet from my old trout stream. There it was, sure enough.

MUST have been three, maybe four, days later when the Old Man edged slowly through the ruins. I saw him a-coming, and I swear he hadn't changed one iota, no, not one tittle—except perhaps he was a little thinner. The old feller took no notice of those who stood around as people will stand around, and I don't think he heard what people were saying there and then. They were saying: "He did it. He pushed the rock down, him with his scrabbling away all the time, year after year. He did it. He pushed her down."

Still he came on and when he reached the crater where the rock lay, he looked down at it very hard. The morning wind was in his whiskers, and the sun was sinking deep into the little ravines of puckered flesh on his scrawny neck. His head was shaking with a soft, persistent shake.

Then slowly, very slowly, he eased himself down into the crater. The people said: "Old feller's as crazy as a coot. What's he want down there? If he pushed the rock down, sure enough the cops ought to take him in. Old feller's wrecked the town, bust the bank, ruined the school, made a lot of folk homeless, injured sixty-two adults and twenty-one children, squashed the padre's brindle bitch flatter than a pancake, and brought the mayor's wife into labour. Someone ought to tell the cops."

Down in the crater the Old Man was on his bony, blackened knees a-crawling round the rock peering at it with such an intensity that you'd have thought the very granite would crumble beneath its power. We, all of us, stood there on the rim of the crater watching him while the minutes ticked past and the sun rose higher and higher, and got richer and richer.

HE was immediately beneath me and back at the point where he'd started his crawl. Then he rose up and dusted off his knees. His face was turned up and you could see right through those faded eyes almost to his brain. There was a rumbling in his old chest and the great vein on his temple beat with a fury that was awful to see. His mouth opened and from it, in a voice like the Lord's on Judgment Day, came these words: *No moss!*

News of "The Wells"

YOUR true expert always uses the affectionate diminutive for his pet subjects. The Shakespearean thinks in terms of "The Dream," "The Lane," "The Vic." Thus Mr. James Robertson, the opera conductor of "The Wells" was quite in order when he referred—but by no means slightly—to "Cav" and "Pag" at the Sadler's Wells reception. "These," he said, "are the bread-and-butter operas." Last season's "piece of cake," the exquisitely produced *School for Fathers* was not entirely to the public taste, nevertheless it is being retained in the repertoire this season, along with "Cav," "Pag" and "The Barber," and the new cake is to be young Anthony Hopkins's *Lady Rohesia*, which is described as an operatic frolic from the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Professor E. J. Dent, greatest of living translator-librettists and a governor of "The Wells" is to found an operatic library with the royalties his librettos have accumulated. In this he has been assisted by Messrs. Novello who have placed on permanent loan at "The Wells" the full scores of every known opera.

Sean Fielding



Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon

Chosen as one of the eight bridesmaids for the wedding of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten in November, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon is a niece of the Queen, being the third daughter of the late Hon. John Herbert Bowes-Lyon, brother of the Queen, who died in 1930, and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon. Miss Bowes-Lyon, who is twenty-four, is one of the most attractive and popular members of the younger set. Educated at a private school in London she works at the Foreign Office, and last year was for some time in Germany on official business. She lives with her mother in Mayfair.



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Jane. From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne. Last week.

CRITERION—School for Spinsters. By Roland Pertwee. Iris Hoey, Sheila Sim and Derek Blomfield are in this Boer War period piece about a domineering father.

DUCHESSE—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

GARRICK—Born Yesterday. Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

GLOBE—Trespass. Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

HIS MAJESTY'S—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-1947. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley. Moving to Lyric, September 29.

LYRIC—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion. Moving to Aldwych, September 29.

NEW—Ever Since Paradise. J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but full of understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

ST. JAMES'S—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

SAVILLE—Noose. Charles Goldner, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full speed melodrama.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

STRAND—Separate Rooms. Frances Day in a new American farce with Hal Thompson and Bonar Colleano.

VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

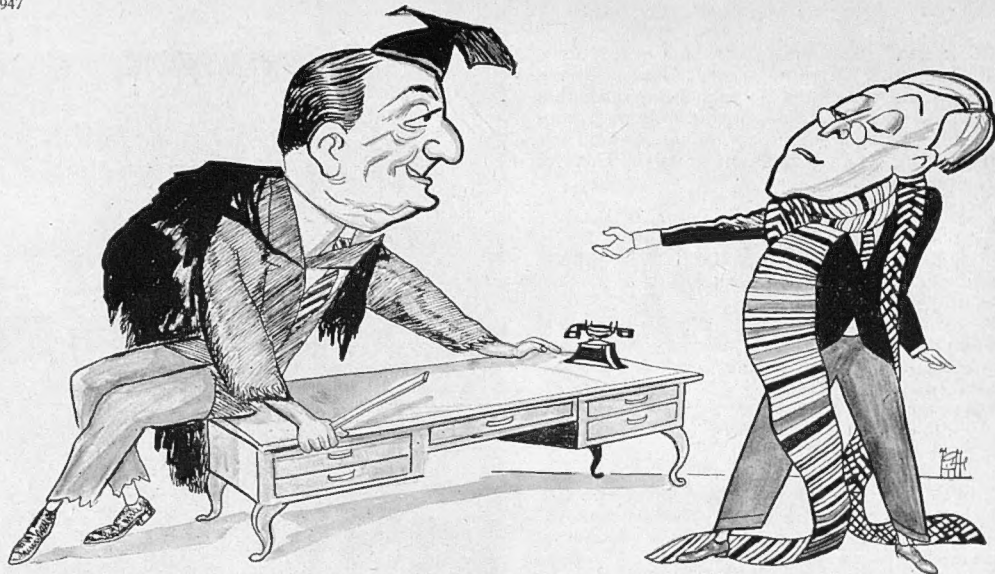
DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

HIPPODROME—Perchance to Dream. Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

LYRIC (Hammersmith)—Tuppence Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

PALACE—1066 And All That. Leslie Henson, Doris Hare and Edwin Styles gambol down the ages.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Fields with a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



The Venal Headmaster (Charles Heslop) suspends punishment, remembering the bulging hamper lately received by his erring pupil (Binnie Hale), and descends to barter

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Binnie Hale illuminates the contrast between the ingenuous, domesticated heroine of the 'twenties and the tough, postwar Girl with a Gun

At the

"One, Two, Three!"

THE Hales (Binnie and Sonnie) can sound on the radio like a revue in full blast. On the stage they can actually be a revue in full blast, and we have all the fun of seeing them at it. They are, broadly speaking, *One, Two, Three!*, and good fun it is.

The help that they get from others is negligible. Mr. Charles Heslop makes a genial pretence of being something more than a privileged spectator. Once or twice fortune absent-mindedly favours the pretence. He enlivens a somewhat stale joke as the Will Hay-ish headmaster bartering strokes of the cane with pupils whose hampers from home put them in a position to trade. And as Lord Featherhead submitting an annual report to shareholders he is exquisitely blue-blooded and featherheaded until Mr. L. Du Garde Peach, the author of the sketch, is himself gravelled for matter and doesn't know what to do about it.

Mr. Heslop's troubles with an author who could bring his promising sketch neither to a point nor to an end landed him on the first night in undeserved trouble with the gallery. A political contingent, possibly a Young Communists' outing, which had already booted the mention in some unpolitical context of Mr. Churchill's name, appeared to vent a dislike of aristocratic guinea-pigs upon the actor who was guying them. Jest with an ass, as the proverb says, and he will flap you in the face with his tail.

MISS GAIL KENDAL, a newcomer clearly destined to be a notably comic sourpuss, and Miss Marie Sellar, a charming *ingénue* companioned by Mr. Anthony Hayes, have even less to do than Mr. Heslop. The fun begins with Binnie, is carried on cheerfully by Sonnie, and ends with Sonnie and Binnie. She is of all our queens of burlesque the most tactful, rarely straying beyond her range, and in the whole of this revue, which depends upon her variousness, only straying once. Then it is to the other side of the Atlantic, as the Statue of Liberty sustaining a serio-comic pow-wow with Nelson on his



Wireless Warblings, mixed up with the clang of machinery, prove altogether too much for Gail Kendal (left). On the right, Marie Sellars and Anthony Hayes in a waltz number

BACKSTAGE



WHEN *Man in the Street*, in which Bobby Howes plays the leading part, opens in the West End during the week beginning October 6 the British Theatre Group will inaugurate an interesting policy in what it hopes will be its permanent home.

The Group is partly financed by London Film Productions (otherwise Sir Alexander Korda) and will act as a link between the theatre and films. Basil Dean, however, will have an absolutely free hand in choosing the plays and he explained to me that the policy will be to have an interchange between stage and screen. "Thus," he said, "young film artists will be given the opportunity of gaining stage experience and vice versa."

Later on the Group will run a number of touring companies from which promising young artists will be withdrawn for London productions.

Basil Dean, who has a programme of new plays lined up, is anxious to emphasize that this is no highbrow venture. *Man in the Street* in which Lloyd Pearson, Mary Martlew, Helen Christie, Henry Hewitt, Deering Wells and Meadows White will also appear, is a comedy about a suburban bank clerk who figures in a newspaper stunt and runs riot in a West End hotel.

HENRY SHEREK tells me that he is going to produce two new plays by Peter Ustinov. One is *High Balcony* which, according to the author, "reflects the postwar problems confronting members of the defeated race who are isolated in a foreign country."

The other is an adaptation of that striking Swedish film *Frenzy* in which Mai Zetterling starred. Ustinov will play the part of the sadistic schoolmaster and Joan Greenwood will be seen in Miss Zetterling's pathetic role. This play will have its première in Edinburgh early next January.

OPPORTUNITY has quickly come to Beryl Seaton who in *Tuppence Coloured* at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, has gained such good notices on her first appearance on the London stage.

She is to play Sharon, one of the leading parts in *Finian's Rainbow*, the Broadway success due at the Palace on October 16. In this Irish-American musical show which has been running for over nine months in New York Arthur Sinclair will be seen as Finian and Charles Hawtrey as the leprechaun. The music is by Burton Lane and there will be a large vocal and dancing chorus of white and coloured people.

When Beryl Seaton was only sixteen she was at Max Rivers's school in Berlin teaching such stars as Francis Lederer, Tamara Desni and other prominent Ufa artists to tap-dance and she herself played small parts in bilingual films. After two years she returned to England and toured in Gracie Fields's Road Show. She was one of the first artists to appear in Ensa concert parties. For the last three years she has been a principal boy in Tom Arnold pantomimes.

ONE point of interest about the coming revival of Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* at Wyndham's is that Harcourt Williams, who created the part of the juvenile Valentine in the original production in 1906, will be seen as William the waiter and that Francis Lister who was the Valentine of the 1920 revival will appear as Crampton.

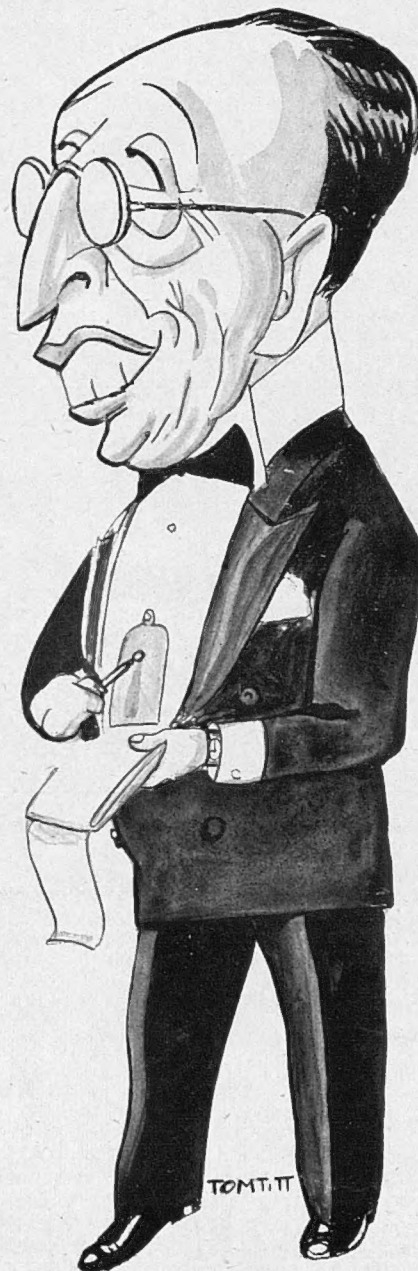
In the present revival film star Rosamund John is making her first stage appearance for seven years.

RODNEY ACKLAND is part-author with Robert G. Newton of *Cupid and Mars* due at the Arts Theatre on October 1. It is a comedy set in London during the last year of the war and the cast includes Helen Haye, Violet Gould, Violet Lyel, Susan Richmond and Geoffrey Keen.

A PART from Mae West and two American actors, Hal Gould and Dick Bailey, *Diamond Lil* will have an all-British cast of over forty when it opens in Manchester on October 20 before coming to London early in the New Year to succeed the Sid Field show at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Mae West wrote this show herself and it ran for two years on Broadway.

Beaumont Newhall



Sonnie Hale gongs himself during a delirious vest-pocket radio programme in which he and Binnie mimic widely and unsparingly

Theatre

(Duke of York's)

pillar—an uncharacteristic pose in a weak sketch. It would seem to have been dictated by filial piety: the idea on which it is based was Robert Hale's. For the rest of the time she is, if in sentimental mood, lightly, if out for mischief, sharply exact.

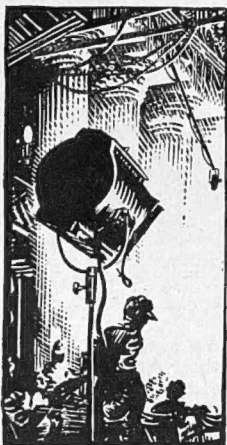
WHAT could be more sharply exact than her impression of the receptionist at the hotel which has long ago given up the hollow pretence that it exists for the convenience of the traveller, what more lightly exact than her recapture of the enchantment she shed as the dancing parlourmaid whose mission in life it was in the 'twenties to "spread a little happiness!" And between old sentiment and new satire she is the erring daughter of grandma's day, the erring little sister of Russian drama and the erring daughter of a day when virtue is accounted well lost in the light of the uses that may be made of baby's ration book.

With her brother she shows us how the "All Hale" radio feature is made, and even through the burlesque of a burlesque one cannot but marvel at the extraordinary ease of their vocal gymnastics. Elsewhere the brother is less brilliant than the sister, but here he is the leading spirit, and in "Encores," a retrospect of their careers on the light musical stage, he collects the song, "Dance, dance, dance little lady," which was perhaps the symbolic song of the 'twenties, even though not all of the little ladies came, like Agatha Runcible, to the sticky end predicted for them but lived to be formidably efficient commanders of the A.T.S.

IN sum, an extremely entertaining evening *chez Hale*. This versatile couple even succeed in living down the too brilliant opening which they are given by an Alan Melville satire on the conquest of London by American musicals. Our hopes of originality come to nothing, but they are forgotten, they are painlessly immersed in a smooth flow of familiar fun.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Freda Bruce Lockhart



At The Pictures

Sideshows

By what standard are we to judge a film?

As art or industry, instruction or entertainment, propaganda or freakshow? Long lists of so-called "credits" suggest the variety of ingredients which goes into any cinema concoction.

Every so often a work of integrity encourages belief that out of these various unruly elements the cinema has developed a form of its own to which all films should tend. But such hope is at once confounded by pictures which can only be called by-products of the film industry. Are these sideshows to be judged by their success in fulfilling some extraneous function—in promoting prison reform, rewriting history, reproducing nature, music or a three-ringed circus—or by their failure as films?

How, for instance, are we meant to take *Song of Love*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's musical biography of Robert and Clara Schumann, showing at the Empire? Not, in any case, seriously as biography, even romantic biography. That is not a pedantic objection to "certain liberties" which we are frankly warned have been taken "with incident and chronology." Wilder liberties with biographical fact could be forgiven if they led to the illusion of good fiction, or lent a breath of conviction to the characterization. But there I go—*Song of Love* is not that kind of film.

PERHAPS we should forget Miss Katharine Hepburn as Clara bathing the seven little Schumanns in a tin bath, with Uncle Brahms (Robert Williams) as nursemaid and general factotum, in a household which shows all the inconvenient effects of artistic temperament without any attempt to convey temperament or artistry.

Probably it would be fairer to concentrate on the music. For the piano playing by Artur Schnabel is very much more distinguished than the writing, direction or acting of the film. The excerpts, from Brahms and Liszt as well as Schumann, are mostly those to be found in albums of "Selections from the Composers"; but as an illustrated music lesson for the millions the film has points.

Coherent enough excerpts are played—by their respective composers or by Clara—to give a notion of the real thing, though seldom at such length as to strain the attention.

Programme announcements are made in the dialogue with heavy tact. Brahms's "Wiegenlied" is already a familiar film favourite; and as Brahms here improvises it to lull a little Schumann to sleep, nobody could mistake it for anything but a lullaby. But when Clara goes to visit Schumann in the mental institution and he offers to play her his new composition we are given a chance to exercise our musical memories and recognize the

tune she played at the opening concert, before the dialogue explicitly confirms that it was only the same old "Träumerei."

Schumann's "Widmung" is made the occasion for an elementary object-lesson in musical taste when Miss Hepburn tactlessly lambastes the influential Liszt for his flamboyant variation on the simple melody she then sits down and plays to wither him. Curiously this song, played at least three times, is never sung, though Schumann (Paul Henreid) does speak an unattractive English translation to it, which seemed an unlikely, as well as an ungallant way of offering a song as a wedding present.

OFTEN *Song of Love* almost succeeds in giving us the impression that we are listening to a pleasant potted concert. Unfortunately it is not simply a photographed gramophone recital and the film has to intervene. The Schumann baby of the day is allowed to scream for its supper in the wings in the middle of "Carnaval," compelling its mother to make an impromptu cut to rush off and feed it in the dressing-room. Poor Schumann, going slowly insane, is troubled by a piercing "A" ringing in his head; it was a mistake to inflict it on the audience, too, for it spoils any pleasure in the performance of his "Faust" and forces attention after all from the music to the film.

No comfort is to be found in the acting, except in Mr. Henry Daniell's elegant performance as Liszt which could be transposed intact into a more rational film. Mr. Robert Williams's success as Jerome Kern hardly qualifies him to play Brahms. Miss Hepburn, much as I admire her, is a precarious actress for a film tottering on the edge of burlesque, for while she is often able to make a good line sound even better than it is she has the dangerous gift of making a bad one sound even worse. In this respect, she is most cruelly served by Ivan Tors, Irmgard von Cube, Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey, all four of whom are credited with the screen play.

Whether they or Bernard Schubert and Mario Silva, authors of the original play, are responsible for the film's grotesque lack of any sense of period is impossible to tell. But the late Irving Thalberg, under whose auspices the same film company produced so many fine costume pictures, must surely turn in his grave if he could see Mrs. Schumann shepherding her mad husband off the concert platform and refusing an offer of help with magisterial dignity and the fatal words: "We're fine."

Song of Love, it is fair to add, achieves one technical triumph: the superb synchronization of the piano playing which makes it possible to watch Miss Hepburn's hands with as keen fascination as though she really were the pianist; and very difficult to remember that she is not. As an appreciation of a film I fear the compliment is

comparable to Dr. Johnson's classic comment on women preachers and performing dogs.

ALSO at the Empire, *Servant of the People* is an engaging forty-minute guide to Parliament Without Tears. This is what I should call a utility picture. With no unnecessary frills or fancies, it is a trim, serviceable introduction to our quaint-sounding parliamentary institutions and to the daily duties of an M.P. It is very much to the public interest in all senses of the word.

Useful instruction of this kind is a legitimate sideline of the cinema and the only surprising thing about this remarkably thorough tour of the House of Commons is that it has not been done before. The Opposition, I thought, had perhaps been handpicked to look Blimpish, but not outrageously so. For the rest the film is a fair and sober account; and the commentary written by Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., is sensible and light, without lapsing into facetiousness, although he raises one good laugh with the stock saying that "The Chaplain looks at the Members and then prays for the nation." Quite a salutary change from the usual second feature or bit-and-piecey programme fill-ups.



THE week's one plain, straight picture is a minor farce at the New Gallery, *Her Husband's Affairs*, which is not nearly as bad as its title.

It is a relief to find that the affairs are strictly business; and that the husband in his selfish determination to keep his wife awake only wants an audience for his bright ideas for an advertising campaign. This is an amusing opening bedroom scene with a genuine sense of character. William Weldon (Franchot Tone) is a vain male who just can't take the galling fact that his wife (Miss Lucille Ball) has a much cooler business head than himself and is always ready to extricate him from his muddles; but though he would resent her advice, he must have her approval.

Next morning we are swept into the high pressure and hysteria of enthusiasm for crazy advertising stunts, with quite a nice touch of mockery of wider than advertising application, a hint of the frenzied loss of proportion from which film companies, newspaper offices, actors and politicians—among others—also tend to suffer over the importance of their own business.

Weldon's tame scientist, Professor Glinka, is a real figure of farce, whose instant shaving cream grows forests of beards overnight and has to be turned into a hair restorer, with equally strange results. The hilarity of this episode once exhausted, the farce gets wilder and woollier and the wit evaporates. But by that point I at least had laughed enough not to feel that two such likeable and expert comedians as Mr. Tone and Miss Ball had been entirely wasted on the nonsense.

Play Personalities (No. 5)

SIR RALPH
RICHARDSON

One of Sir Ralph Richardson's chief interests from childhood has been the toy theatre, and on hearing that the famous Pollocks of Hoxton had been bombed he joined forces with Alan Keen, the antiquarian bookseller, to save the remains, and the business is flourishing again under their proprietorship. Hence the striking illustration opposite of the phrase "He completely dominated the stage." Sir Ralph, whose knighthood in this year's New Year Honours was universally recognized as a just reward for his work on behalf of the theatre, was born at Cheltenham, and had a thorough grounding in Shakespearean repertory before his first London appearance, at the Scala in a Greek play in 1926. By the outbreak of war, during which he served in the Fleet Air Arm, he had already established himself as one of the most brilliant stage and film actors of our time, and since then, as joint-director of the Old Vic, he has been a prime mover in turning it into practically a national theatre. At present he is playing Karenin in the film of *Anna Karenina* being made at Shepperton, but forecasts a return to the Old Vic "sometime in 1948"



George Bilaukin.

AT THE COURT
OF ST. JAMES'S

FINLAND, only State in Europe to have tried, for a little while, the icy benefits of Prohibition, has moved away so far from the international spotlight that she is almost forgotten. In the last few months, however, her trade with Great Britain has leapt to impressive totals, and looks as if it will continue to rise, to our mutual advantage. In particular, those vital materials timber and pulp reach us in substantial quantities from Finland.



H.E. Mons. Eero
Wuori, Finnish Envoy
at St. James's

Few corners of Europe, with the possible exception of the incomparably lovely Dalmatian coast, present an appearance of lonely, unspoilt naturalness more starkly than Northern Finland. It is possible to drive here fifty miles between fir and birch and not meet more than a few Lapps with their reindeer. The sparseness of the population may be realised when it is remembered that in England and Wales there are 727 inhabitants to the square mile, in Finland 24; almost three times the size of England and Wales with their 42,000,000, Finland has 4,000,000, of whom the remarkable total of 700,000 belong to Co-operative Societies.

ILLITERACY is almost unknown, with but 1 per cent. among the over-fifteens. Helsinki has, or had when I spent hours among the shelves there, the largest bookshop in Europe. Politically the Finns have not been free from trouble, either with the Swedes or, more often and more expensively, with the Russians, along a frontier of a thousand miles. But the situation is settling down, following the vast internal revolution which succeeded defeat in the war.

In keeping with the character of his people, one of the quietest, most modest and hard-working envoys at the Court of St. James's is His Excellency M. Eero Wuori, since August 1945 Political Representative to Great Britain.

In 1920, aged twenty, he joined the Socialist Party in his native Helsinki (called Helsingfors in Swedish), and took a job on one of Finland's 210 daily newspapers (we have about 100 in the United Kingdom) in that garrison city of rumours and passions, historic, walled Viipuri. The subsequent seven years in the editorial chair provided many dramas, including an "incident," that rocked a wide area. Several articles from his pen attacked the Lapua, militant elements, who appealed to the governor of the province to stop the journal. But the governor did not listen and the son of a smith who had migrated to Helsinki continued his career of independence, courage and forthrightness.

WUORI became the Citrine of Finland, head of the Trades Union Congress, in 1937, leading 75,000 members. After the signing of the armistice in 1944 he joined the Cabinet, as Minister of Communications, Posts and Telegraphs. Within a year he was offered London. Here there has been little opportunity for the sport Wuori enjoys most—skiing. But perhaps, some day, after a long interval, there will be a well-deserved holiday at home. For there can be no doubt whatever of the success of the mission to Great Britain, in circumstances of exceptional difficulty and delicacy, performed by Wuori: a success largely due to the fact that the British like modesty and appreciate industry even in a diplomatist.



Mr. Charles Troughton, M.C., and Mrs. Troughton, formerly Miss Gilleen Mitford, of Berryfield, Lentrane, Inverness-shire, greeting Lady Maud Baillie of Ballindarroch after their wedding at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness. The wedding is described by Jennifer on page 395



Viscount Tarbat, Capt. John MacLeod, M.P., Mrs. John MacLeod and Viscountess Tarbat at the reception



Capt. Cooper talking to Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel. They were two of the 1000 guests at the wedding and reception

A Scottish Wedding

St. Leger Week at Doncaster



Mrs. Fitzgerald, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Cdr. P. Fitzgerald and Lady Adare discussing the card



Mrs. Edward Ward, wearing a very charming and original hat, was one of the racegoers who saw the St. Leger



Sayajirao, E. Britt up, winner of the famous race, being led in by his owner, H.H. the Maharajah of Baroda. The French horse Arbar was second, and the Aga Khan's Migoli third



Lord and Lady Manton, who came up from Sussex, with Major and Mrs. Murray Smith



The Hon. Rupert Watson, son and heir of Lord Manton, with Mrs. J. Speed



Miss Monique Bohn, the Hon. Martin Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Bridget Keppel, the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard and Capt. John Johnstone



The Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson with her children, Gay, Melanie and Ian. She is the daughter of the late Lord Strathcarron and of Lady Strathcarron and a sister of the present peer. She married in 1936 Mr. Denys Colquhoun Flowerdeu Lowson

Marcus Adams

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

SCOTLAND.—From Aberdeenshire I hear news of the Braemar Highland Gathering and the Gathering at Aboyne the previous day. Unfortunately, rain was falling at Braemar when Their Majesties the King and Queen arrived with the two Princesses at the little pavilion in the enclosure at Braemar, which was decorated with heather and rowan berries, but this did not prevent a big attendance, who gave the Royal party a great ovation on their arrival.

His Majesty wore a kilt of the Balmoral tartan, and the Queen wore a dress and coat in a shade of pale blue with a halo hat to match. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret also wore kilts of the Balmoral tartan with short grey jackets and no hats, like the Duchess of Kent, who was wearing a turquoise blue tweed suit when she arrived with her three children from Birkhall shortly after Their Majesties. The Duke of Kent and his brother and sister all wore kilts of the Stuart tartan with Lovat green tweed jackets. On their arrival the Royal party were met by the Marquess of Aberdeen, Capt. Alwyne Compton, the young Laird of Invercauld, and the Earl of Southesk.

Spectators had come from all over the world to watch these games and the champions compete. George Clark, the well-known heavy-weight, once again excelled himself, winning several first prizes and setting up a new record

for Braemar with the 22-lb. hammer, throwing it 95 ft. 8½ ins.

Many of the guests at Balmoral came over to watch the Games, among them the Earl of Athlone with Princess Alice, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl and Countess of Halifax, the latter in green, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, who is to be a bridesmaid at the Royal wedding, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Earl and Countess of Eldon, Cdr. Peter Ashmore and Lady Jean Rankin, who were in waiting to the King and Queen; and Lady Margaret Egerton, who was in waiting to Princess Elizabeth.

LORD GLENTANAR brought a large party over from Glen Tanar, including his brother-in-law and sister, Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Adams, his daughter Jean with her great friend Zoe d'Erlanger, Lord and Lady Knollys' daughter Ardyne, Miss Susan Hornby, Mr. Michael Brand and Mr. Malcolm Davidson. Major and Mrs. David Gordon brought a party from Haddo House. The Marquess of Headfort, over from Ireland, came with his host and hostess, Sir Malcolm and Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, who also had the Earl and Countess of Lindsay in their party.

Others at the Gathering included the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly, Lord Carnegie,

the Marchioness of Aberdeen, Lady Grant, the Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill, the Hon. Mrs. Leith-Hay, Lord and Lady Bellhaven, and Col. and Mrs. Duguid of Belhevie.

There were, as usual, many presentations to Their Majesties, and these included Sir Mehmed Munir, who was over from Cyprus and staying with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Duncan at Ladywood. It was his first visit to Scotland.

THE Highland Games at Aboyne the previous day opened in the traditional manner when the pipes and drums played "Cock o' the North" as the chieftain, the Marquess of Huntly, arrived on the ground. He was later joined by the Marchioness, who was also piped on to the ground with their two children, the three-year-old Earl of Aboyne and his sister, Lady Lemina Gordon, both dressed in kilts of the Gordon tartan with little jackets and tam-o'-shanters.

There were over 18,000 spectators, many from overseas, who were thrilled with the spectacle, which was enhanced in its gaiety by the flag of the chieftain and the banners of the Lairds and Patrons of the Games, which are hoisted on their arrival and fly during the afternoon.

In the dancing events great interest was taken in Miss Margery Jackson, a champion Highland dancer from the Argentine, who was on holiday

in Scotland, but she did not manage to defeat the Scotch "lassies" competing.

Many of the people I have already mentioned at Braemar were at Aboyne, and others included Lady Forbes of Newe, Mrs. Vaughan Lee, Viscount and Viscountess Arbuthnott, Mrs. Harrison Broadley, who brought a party from Gordon Lodge, Lord and Lady Sempill, Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys, who came over from Crathes Castle, the Lord King of Arms Sir Thomas Innes, with Lady Lucy Innes, Major and Mrs. Tudor St. John, Mrs. John Crombie, Mrs. Spencer Nairn, Lady Hodson and Mrs. Farquharson. There were numerous house-parties in the district for the week, and many hostesses took their guests to the dance which the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly gave in Aboyne Castle, and later in the week to the Aboyne Ball, which Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret attended. The Scottish festivities this year have indeed been of a remarkably gay and wholehearted nature, and well up to pre-war occasions.

AFTER the Games at Braemar Their Majesties gave a small dance at Balmoral, which was an informal and friendly affair. The guests, besides members of the house-party at Balmoral and neighbours, included many tenants and workers on the Royal estate. Her Majesty, I was told, looked charming in a beautiful white brocade picture dress embroidered with sequins. Princess Elizabeth was in pink and Princess Margaret in blue. The Duchess of Kent was there with the young Duke of Kent, who was thoroughly enjoying himself and joined in many of the Scotch dances.

The following night Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret went to the Aboyne Ball held in the Victory Hall at Aboyne which was decorated with some fine heads, orange and lemon bunting and purple heather, which made it look very gay. Lt. Philip Mountbatten had finished his leave and returned to his naval duties, so could not accompany Princess Elizabeth and her sister to their first Aboyne Ball, which everyone told me was the best that has ever been held. For this a great amount of credit is due to Mrs. Harrison Broadley, who had worked indefatigably to make the ball the success it proved.

Their Royal Highnesses, both wearing white sequin-embroidered dresses with sashes of the Royal Stuart tartan, brought a small party from Balmoral and joined up with Mrs. Vaughan Lee's party from Kincardine. Her guests included the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly, the latter looking very attractive in blue, Miss MacDonald of Tote, Lady Huntly's youngest brother, the Hon. Tony Berry, Miss Fiona Maclean of Ardgour, Capt. Philip Mitford, who is an exceptionally fine dancer of reels, Sir Francis Grant, Capt. Roddy Macleod, another good dancer, who is seen at most of the Scotch balls, Col. Mackenzie of Braichlie, also Mrs. Vaughan Lee's attractive daughter, Susan. During the evening there were many reels and Scotch country dances, including "Hamilton House," the "Dashing White Sergeant," and the "Gay Gordons," the local Aberdeenshire dance, which was a great favourite.

MANY of the people I have mentioned at the Games were at this ball, which is the biggest social event of the season. On Deeside, and others included Lord and Lady Adam Gordon, who came with her mother, Mrs. Bowhill, Col. and Mrs. Alistair Campbell of Ardhuncart, the latter looking most attractive in gold, Lady Grant, M.P., who brought a small party from Monymusk, Major and Mrs. Foster, Major and Mrs. Jepson Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Scott, who were in Mrs. Harrison Broadley's party from Gordon Lodge.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly gave a small and very enjoyable dance in Aboyne Castle (for centuries the seat of the Cock o' the North—the Marquesses of Huntly). The Marchioness, who looked charming wearing a sash

of the Gordon tartan on her white brocade evening dress, and a fine diamond necklace, is a delightful hostess, and personally attended to all the arrangements for the first dance in Aboyne Castle for many years.

THE cathedral church of St. Andrew, Inverness, was beautifully decorated with autumnal herbaceous flowers, all given by neighbours, for the wedding of Mr. Charles Troughton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Troughton, of Hambledon, near Henley, and Miss Gilleen Mitford. The bride, who is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Philip Mitford and Mrs. Mitford, and granddaughter of the late Sir John Fowler, the second baronet, looked really lovely in a simply-cut dress of cloth of gold. With it she wore a veil of exquisite old Brussels lace, a family heirloom which also formed her train.

She was given away by her brother, Capt. Philip Mitford, and was followed by an enchanting retinue of six small children: Caroline Macleod, her niece, Jean Fraser of Reelig, and Alexandra Stevenson of Fairburn, all wearing long, white organdie dresses trimmed with tiny red lovers' knots on the skirt, and red sashes and wreaths of red roses in their hair; the three pages were the bride's nephews, Tommy and Freddie Wills, who are twins, and their younger brother, John, who wore white shirts and kilts with scarlet shoes.

There were over 600 guests at the reception, which was held out of doors at the bride's home, Berryfield, about five miles from Inverness. The weather was luckily sunny, and everyone was able to enjoy the charming garden and the wonderful display of pink gladioli which were flowering in hundreds. Mrs. Mitford received the guests with the bridegroom's parents and

They are the sons of Mrs. Gibbs's first husband, Capt. Michael Wills, who was killed in action in 1943. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Farr were meeting many friends who continually gathered around Mrs. Mackenzie's wheel-chair.

OTHERS I saw were Mrs. Clive Bayley, Capt. Digby Bell, R.N., who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Rosemary Troughton, Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, the latter looking very attractive in a gaily-printed dress with a little fur bolero, Baron and Baroness Stackleberg, who had sent lovely flowers from their garden for the church, Mrs. Stirling of Fairburn, with her daughters, Mrs. Stevenson and Miss Iona Stirling, Col. Nason, Sir John Brooke of Midfearn, and his mother, Margery Lady Brooke, who was in black, Mr. Frank Wallace and his daughter Anne, Mrs. Gordon Cumming, Viscountess Gough, who came over from Inshes, Mr. David Wills and his sister, Mrs. Macleod and her husband, Capt. Jack Macleod, who is the Member for Ross and Cromarty, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Vickers, Mrs. Colin MacLennan, Capt. and Mrs. Ian Galloway, and Lady Maud Baillie with her daughter Judy. The latter, with other of the bride's young friends, including Miss Margaret Mackenzie of Drumm (just back from Denmark), Miss "Billy" MacLennan, Capt. Denis Cooper, Miss Pauline Wolfe Murray, and Mr. David Jardine, had worked hard the day before arranging the hundreds of lovely wedding presents which were on view in one of the tents. She had also helped the bride's brother and sister and other friends in arranging the lovely flowers and all the details that go to make a wedding party a success and a happy memory to all the guests.

This was not only one of the happiest and friendliest weddings I have been to, but it was also a happy reunion of friends who were prisoners together in Germany, as not only were the bridegroom, his best man, and the bride's brother prisoners for five-and-a-half years in Oflag VII B, but also eleven of the guests. Many readers will remember Pipe Major Asher, who piped the bride into the cathedral and the happy couple away after the ceremony, as "the bearded piper with the Highland Division from Alamein to Tripoli." Kilts were, of course, to the fore at this wedding, as not only did many of the guests wear their native dress, but there were also a dozen pipers playing cheerful Scottish airs during the reception. Photographs of this charming wedding will be found on page 392.

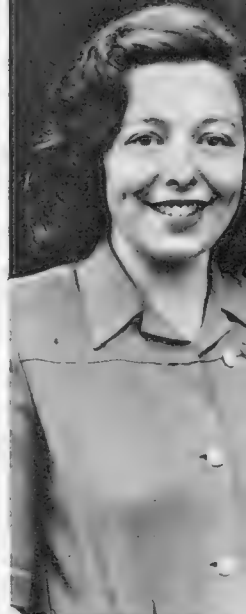


Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Andrew Inskip and her daughter Serena boating at their Buckinghamshire home. She is the wife of Lord Caldecote's son and heir and daughter of Rear-Admiral H. D. Hamilton. The Hon. Robert and Mrs. Inskip, who were married in 1942, have also a son, born this year

the bride and bridegroom, who were standing in a marquee in front of more beautiful flowers. Early arrivals were Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel and his wife, Lady Hermione Cameron, also the bride's sister, Mrs. Martin Gibbs, and her husband, Mrs. Gibbs looking attractive in blue, and busy keeping an eye on her small sons, who were quick to relinquish their duties as pages in favour of eating ice-cream!

ing, and is now preparing a book on the life of Frank Freeman, late huntsman of the Pytchley. In this connection he tells me he would welcome any material likely to add to the work, as Freeman was such a well-known character and many people are likely to have reminiscences about him. Major Guy Paget's home is at Wheler Lodge, Husbands Bosworth, Rugby.



Miss Diana Lyttelton, who has been appointed assistant to Cdr. Richard Colville, R.N., the new Press secretary at Buckingham Palace

Aviators, Garden-Party at Reading



Miss Penny Faulkner and G/Capt. Mole arrive by air for the Royal Aeronautical garden-party at Reading Aerodrome



Dr. Roxbee Cox, Capt. Horniman, Mrs. Horniman and Mrs. Hagger were four of the guests



Mr. F. G. Miles, Mr. B. Oliver, Mr. Richard Coit and Mr. Ronald Walker. The party was given by the Reading branch of the R.Ae.S.



The Single Driving Harness Turnouts lined up for the judging

At Taplow Horse Show



Viscountess Kemsley presenting the trophy for Single Harness Turnout to Mr. S. Craddock



Diana Allan on Foam, winner of the Child's Pony class, receiving the cup



Mr. Tom Boyd and Mrs. Keble, who judged the children's classes



Mr. Michael Gold, Mrs. Pat Hanbury and Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley



Judging the children's ponies, a delightfully varied class but all smartly turned out, as indeed were the entries generally at this popular show

Winners and Judges at the Bath Horse Show



Capt. F. Spicer, Master of the Avon Vale, and the Duke of Beaufort judged the jumping



Countess Fortescue and Lt.-Col. T. L. Horn, M.C., who judged the children's pony classes



Earl Fortescue trying out Miss Ferguson's Young Lochinvar, which was second in a hack class



The Duke of Beaufort presents first prize for Open Jumping to Miss M. Jennings on Tambourine



Mrs. D. F. Butt's Friar's Luck, winner of the class for hacks not exceeding 15.3 hands



A country-wide prizewinner, Mr. W. H. Cooper's Beau Geste, won the Champion Hunter Challenge Cup



The cobs parading round the charmingly-situated showground after their class had been judged.



Gillian Cuff with the Peter Jackson Challenge Cup for the best pony, The Nut



Poole, Dublin

Lord Dunsany, whose literary activities have brought him such distinction, is here sitting at his desk at Dunsany Castle, County Meath. He has written over sixty books, and has also found time, in a crowded life, for travel and exploration which have brought him a Fellowship of the Royal Geographical Society. He is the eighteenth baron, having succeeded to the title in 1899

Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

Festival for Dublin?

REPORTS of the success which has greeted the Music and Drama Festival in the Scottish capital of Edinburgh have made many people wonder whether it is not time for such an event to take place in Dublin. One of the main difficulties is that of accommodation—finding room for both the visitors and the performances.

There is no doubt that such a gathering would be very valuable and beneficial. Dubliners are very interested in music, but their tastes are barely catered for at the moment. The most regular feature is the radio concert, which is listened to widely (and I recommend English listeners to tune in from time to time), whilst other concerts, whether they be at the theatres or at the Royal Dublin Society room, are very intermittent.

Although in recent years Ireland has sent over Anton Dolin and Ninette de Valois to influence English ballet, a ballet company is rarely seen in Dublin. An international music festival would, I think, not only be appreciated as such, but would also give a great boost to musical life and perhaps lead to greater facilities in the future.

THE drama side of such a festival would be equally welcome by many. The Dublin theatres, especially the Gate and the Abbey, with their various repertory companies, are well known, and I have made mention of them on several occasions. There are, of course, the other large theatres to which visiting companies, and at times the repertory companies from the Gate, go. My ventures to the cinema are rare, but I am an ardent theatre-goer. Looking through my diary my visits to Dublin theatres in the past year have been fewer than usual. The reason for this is that the runs of the plays seem to be much longer, and therefore the choice has been less. The longer runs should be very good for the business side of the theatre, but not so satisfactory for the regular theatre-goers. To my mind the security insured

by the full houses has resulted in a slight lack of novelty, enterprise and experiments. The drama side of the festival with plays new and old, including some Irish productions, would, I think, again give great impetus and encouragement.

RECENTLY I had to cross over to London on urgent business, and travelling from the west coast one could not help realising how aeroplanes have broken down geographical boundaries. My journey from my home to Newmarket, which usually takes twenty-four hours by rail and boat, took me just on ten hours from door to door. It is possible to fly direct from Shannon to London. Aer Lingus now have a thrice-weekly scheduled service, whilst it is possible to travel, if seats are available, on the British and United States transatlantic 'planes for this part of the journey.

If you do not have to visit Dublin and the east coast, I strongly recommend this route to west coast visitors. From Limerick it is possible to get north and south by buses and trains; only it is unfortunate that at present flying-ground facilities do not allow commercial 'planes to land at, say, Sligo, Galway and Cork, though Galway has now reopened its flying-field, which dates back to World War One.

In London I went into the bar of the Savoy Hotel. "Johnnie," the barman, must in some ways be unique, for he is never seen behind his bar by ladies. The only exception was during the hotel strike, when ladies were allowed in on account of service difficulties. The "Johnnie" who greeted me was the most bronzed and healthiest server of drinks that I have ever seen. He really did more good than any Irish Tourist Association poster—his colouring and health came from a holiday at Salthill. Only a few days before, I had spotted him driving down the new esplanade on an outside car. His two waiters are, by the way, from the west—you just can't get away from them!

The same day I ran into Cary Grant, whom I had not seen since Christmas 1937. He brought me news of John Ford, the Irish film director, who is at present sailing on his yacht Araner in the Pacific. You may recollect that last year I said Ford was coming over this year to direct a film based on a story by Maurice Walsh—I gather this is postponed until next year.

With a few moments to spare, I went into the Leicester Galleries, where there is a summer show. These Galleries have made a point of showing Irish pictures, although I see that Louis Le Brocqy, who is at the moment working in London, had his successful exhibition at the Gimpel Galleries—run by two young Frenchmen with heroic war records. But it was at the Leicester Galleries that I saw a very good head by Gerald Brockhurst, R.A., of a Connemara peasant woman. Having seen so many of his social portraits, I was most interested, as I had not seen any Irish pictures by him. There is, however, a very fine head and shoulders of Mrs. Frank MacDermot, wife of the former Senator and T.D., and loaned by him, in the Dublin Municipal Gallery.

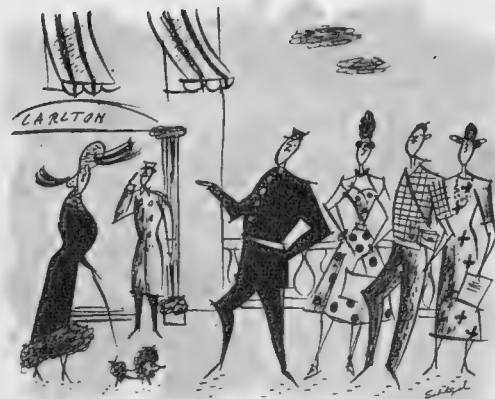
UNFORTUNATELY, I was not able to visit the Irish Living Art Exhibition this year, nor attend a very interesting lecture by Herbert Read. My wife tells me that this independent salon, to which several of the more advanced academicians contribute, was very interesting and, as might be expected, the works of Evie Hone, Louis Le Brocqy and Norah Maguinness were the most noticed.

Several people have asked me about the progress of the Irish National Trust. My information is that the next few months will bring news. The provisional committee has been very busy on the legal side drawing up Articles of Association, which is a slow process, especially with the present printing difficulties. It is perhaps unfortunate that a year without news should pass since the first meeting, but it is better that the foundations should be solid.



Priscilla in Paris

The Brothers



THERE was a gathering of the clans—the pen-pushing clans—on the opening night of the Opéra Comique autumn season. Home from the mountains and home from the sea, all very gay and sun-tanned, and, alas, a good few pale-faced scribes who have not been able to get away during this torrid summer. Of course, the new restrictions were the topic of the evening as well as “the cost” of everything, from salads to cigarettes. We also agreed that it is quite amazing that no tax has yet been levied on typewriters (as on pianos) or fountains—pens as being “signs of exterior riches”! “And what on earth shall we do,” mourned the men, “when the gala Friday nights start at the Opéra again and we have to turn out in tails?”

Those of us who remember past glories got together and dropped a tear over the passing of Vincent Isola, who, at one period of the amazing career he shared with his brother Emile, who died at the ripe age of eighty-three two years ago, was, for a while, director of the Opéra Comique itself. Visitors to Paris who know their Gay City well must surely remember these two brothers who, with their wives (a red-head and a white-head), always occupied a box at all the big premières and were so often caricatured, in a friendly manner, in the revues.

EMILE was not very tall and had a stoop. Vincent was a six-footer and stiff as a ramrod. They were both swarthy. Both were immaculately dressed and both had the same kindly smile. They started life in a little North African town as . . . carpenters. Why they came to Paris and how they managed to blossom out in a highly successful conjuring and illusionist music-hall turn, only they themselves know, and have never told.

From performers they became managers. The smart Capucines Theatre flourished under their directorship. Then they took the Olympia and produced a big American hit, *The Prince of Pilsen*, starring Madge Lessing and Fred Wright, junior (familiar names to London playgoers . . . forty years ago!), after which came their happy reign at the Opéra Comique. But the lighter, gayer stage was more to their

taste, and they made a bid for the renamed Mogador Theatre—that for a short while had been known as Le Palace when Sir Alfred Butt built it in order to star Régine Flory on her native heath—and they magnificently produced such shows as *No, No, Nanette* and *Rose-Marie*, both of which ran for years and raked in millions for the entertainment treasury.



Roman Jasinsky, Moussia Larkina, Vladimir Skouratoff and Renée Jeanmaire, of Col. de Basil's Original Ballet Russe, have cocktails at La Corniche during their recent visit to London for a Covent Garden season. The murals showing French Riviera scenes were painted by Lowen from sketches he made while in the Intelligence Corps during the war

Another production, *The Desert Song*, did not catch on, however, and they were very quietly, pitilessly and thoroughly ruined by the heavy taxation that was already beginning to cramp the theatre world. They paid every cent they owed and retired into private life without a cent in their pockets. I remember the benefit performance organised for them by Sacha Guitry (whose marriage to Mlle. Lana Marconi has just been announced), and how, when the two brothers appeared on the stage in their old

music-hall number, the whole audience rose to its feet and wildly cheered them for two solid minutes—and two minutes in a theatre is a very long time. They were a grand couple, and they upheld all the best traditions of the stage.

FRIENDS at Biarritz write me that “the Queen of the Basque coast,” as they like to call their little town, is having a record “late season.” They add that “although part of the *plage* is like Coney Island, the ‘other part’ is *tout à fait* ‘top-class’!”

About and around one sees the beautiful Mme. Ausnit; Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, who has a gorgeous range of bobby-sox matching her multi-coloured sun-glasses; the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne (amateur hot-jazz champion); Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld; Raymond Rödel (tennis and tinned peas); Mme. Bouchara (satins and silks); Jacques Tibault (the violinist); Aimé Clarion (the great actor who has been playing François Mauriac's *Les Mal-Aimés*, but no longer opposite Jacqueline Delubac); there is also quite a sprinkling of cars with G.B. plates; Henrique de Roxas, the *baronne* Roger, Mme. Chose and Monsieur Truc, and—the high-light that both dazzles and amazes—our one-and-only Cécile Sorel, plumes waving and draperies fluttering in the breeze, quite too incredibly *grand siècle*. Her *Mémoires*, by the way, are vastly entertaining, but keep the salt-cellar handy. She has been staying at the Carlton, and every time she appears the local guide points her out as a landmark.

Voilà!

● Jean-Claude, aged five: “*Petit père*, what do they call a papa-cat?”—“A ‘tom’ cat, my son.”—“And a mama-cat?”—“A pussy.”—“And a baby-cat?”—“A kitten.” Jean-Claude thinks it over: “*Petit père*, are there none that are just plain ‘Cat’?”



M. Gaston Mullegg and M. Rico Fiorini, secretary and president of the Federation of Rowing Clubs, with the president of the Reuss club



Mr. Jack Beresford, Mrs. Beresford and Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, chairman of the British Reception Committee for the Olympic Games



Mr. Hans Hottinger, Mr. G. O. Nickalls, Hon. Sec. of the British Amateur Rowing Association, and Mr. Harcourt Gold, chairman of Henley Regatta

A Party at the European Rowing Championships, Lucerne



Children watering their ponies at the Old Harrier Kennels, Little Common, where the Pony Club tests were held



Miss Sheila Mappin, District Commissioner of the Club, checking over the lines at the end of the day in the field near her home where the ponies were left daily



Major Lawrance, of Eastbourne, talking to the children on minor ailments of horses. Other lecturers were Miss Burgess (Jumping) and Lord Burghley, M.F.H. (Hunting)



A practical demonstration

PONY WEEK IN

Young Riders Have an l

The East Sussex Hunt Pony Club recently held a week of all-day rallies and concluded with a gymkhana at Tanyard Farm, Hooe. During the week the children were given instruction in the practical side of equitation, jumping, grooming, and lectures on stable management, shoeing and hunting. Col. "Handy" Hurrell,

Photographs by W



Mrs. Charrington supervising the improvement in riding and general was described as



shoeing by Mr. Gearing

EAST SUSSEX

al Course of Instruction

17th and 21st Lancers, chief instructor, British Centre of Horsemanship, Windsor, instructed the children for three days, and towards the end of the week they were examined for the Pony Club tests by Col. the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, the Hon. Mrs. Cubitt and Mrs. Charrington, District Commissioner of the West Kent Pony Club

for Effner, Bexhill



Col. the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, chairman of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, lecturing at the Old Harrier Kennels



Stable Management test. The knowledge during the week astonishing"



Miss Kristina Nielsen, of Bexhill, clearing the gate on Irish Flame during the gymkhana, which was held at Tanyard Farm, Hooe, to end a most successful and enjoyable week



Major Hawkeye Sheppard, of Eastbourne, handing Hope Gosse her rosette for winning the Junior Trotting race at the gymkhana, at which the horsemanship was of a remarkably high standard

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

STUDENTS of economics will readily recall the occasion when a Chieftain to the Highlands bound cried: "Boatman, do not tarry! And I'll give thee a silver pound to row us o'er the ferry!" Recent mousy whickerings by economists on the topic of the vanishing living-wage and vicious spirals seem to us to have a bearing on this case.

As the Chieftain was running away with Lord Ullin's daughter, and was therefore a capitalist, and as one silver pound (Scots) was worth one English shilling, every authority from Adam Smith to Keynes would brand that boatman a louse for not (a) demanding an economic wage forthwith, or, preferably (b) conveying the Chieftain and his girl-friend halfway across Lochgyle and there pausing and sticking them for a 500 per cent. increase. Another factor which we need not dwell on here is the minimum wage accorded the Nat. Union of Aquatic Workers by the Northern Wages Board of that period. Evidently the boatman was a scab, whichever way you look at his hairy features.

Note, however, that the Chieftain had no City experience, or he could have dealt with any economic stick-up very swiftly.

"The hell wi' that!" the Chieftain roared,
And cyed the raging water,
One bawbee more I can't afford—
Here, take Lord Ullin's daughter!"

Meditation

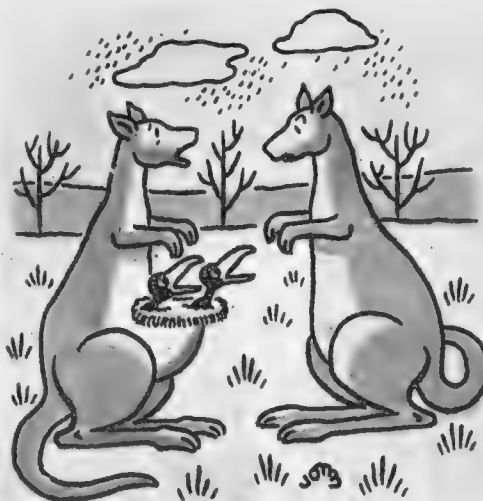
A VERY sensible solution. For the Honble. Jean, a new, healthy, open-air life; for the Chieftain, a clear profit of at least one shilling; for the Boatman, a complete rest henceforth from heavy work, such as rowing, bailing, caulking, beaching, etc. Jam all round, as Keynes observes in his well-known treatise, *The Economic Pleasure of Doing Damn-All*.

Sport

A CITIZEN of Bristol who tossed his wife out of the window just a hundred years ago and was duly acquitted got a severe panning from Auntie *Times*, we note from a recent extract from the files of 1847; likewise the jury. One might say that by and large Auntie was against this Victorian custom, even in Bristol.

One can't help suspecting Auntie took a severe line chiefly because she deemed tossing wives out of windows a sport too good for the lower classes; if a baronet had done the same thing in Mayfair the old trot would have thought it charmingly quaint, we guess, being then—and

to some extent even now—a terrific snob. However, a Bristol jury acquitted its fellow-citizen, knowing what life was like in Bristol; pretty dull, pretty drab, not much fun anywhere since the abolition of the slave-trade (1807). Even the colourful tarry seadogs who made Bristol picturesque for three centuries had lost their glamour by 1847 and lurched about in dismal attire, like the rest of the Race. Apart from swilling gin and spitting into the Avon the citizens of Bristol had no evening pastimes



"Of course they're not mine, but what can one do?"

at all, barring weekly free lectures on the Evils of Drink and the Marvels of Progress, which they rightly passed up cold.

The wife-tossing citizen undoubtedly got the idea from Punch-and-Judy, recently banned by Middlesex County Council as "uneducational," you may remember. *Uneducational!*

Wigger,

YOU can't (cried a music-critic derisively the other day, discussing the limitations of grand opera) imagine a lawyer on the operatic stage in full professional song. As a matter of fact you can—for example in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, produced at Covent Garden in our presence on a memorable evening in the 1920's.

Gianni Schicchi is the merry Florentine crook who takes the place in bed of the deceased Buoso Donati and bequeaths himself a packet. The notary has quite a good singing part. One could hardly expect even Puccini to give a lawyer the lead, or you'd have all Bedford Row practising arpeggi. Up to 300 years ago the lawyers danced every Twelfth Night in their Inns, but to encourage them in opera is a different matter. They already get enough limelight in the straight drama, as you will know if you've ever heard them panning their rivals.

"I'm told Boomer's burning 'em up in Runcorn Municipal Casino v. Elsie Ramsbotham and the National Fudge-Checkers' Union."

"Not bad, dear boy. Nice little show. . . Did you see me last week in Peekaboo Perfection Panties Ltd. v. the Government of Ecuador, Mrs. Gertie Upchuck intervening? I took six calls, dear boy."

"I'm told Boomer—"

"Yes, yes. Nice heavy touch. A dash of the baroque, perhaps. . . I'm opening with Percy Howler on Monday in Amalgamated Blast Furnaces and the Dean of Bunchester v. Tiny Tots Publications, ex parte Ruby Golightly, Court XV. Don't miss it, dear boy. It'll wow 'em."

Wigmakers say some of the star K.C.s are perfect devils on the eve of a new production.

Trip

TO a chap who asked us recently if it is reasonable to take a young married girl (his) for a holiday to the Republic of Andorra we replied with alacrity yes, if the girl is tough or Old Roedean, capable of swigging harsh red hairy wine from the gourd, wolfing cheese made from the milk of goats of a stench-value which would astonish even the Intelligentsia, scrambling fearlessly up and down the high ports, and (especially) refraining from arch, kittenish, or Kensingtonian behaviour, which is greatly detested by the swart and silent Andorrans, who have been free men since Charlemagne.

Whether there is now a chromium cocktail-bar in the House of Calones in the tiny square of Andorra la Vieja we do not know. All degradations are possible to this age. We heard a little time ago that the peluquero a few doors away had a wax hairdressing-model and some *nouveautés de Paris* in his window, so the rot may have set in, God help us all. Nevertheless the same old rugged autobus runs to the Cerdagne, and you may still (our spies report) encounter the Bishop of Seo-de-Urgel, co-suzerain of Andorra, travelling in a rear seat, poor but content.



Afterthought

How to keep a typical modern girl amused in Andorra we wouldn't know (nor, indeed, how to keep a typical modern girl amused anywhere). Maybe a few small mechanical toys from Woolworth's should be carried in the pack? Look, Baby, ickle man! Baby don't wanna look ickle man, Baby wanna go Ritz. The nearest Ritz being in Barcelona, the anguished traveller has therefore two alternatives, (a) to go to Barcelona, or (b) to use the brawling waters of the Valira, close by, for purposes of healing and restoration. The Ritz will come cheaper.

Fuss

A PETULANT sob-sister who declared recently that South American revolutions—such as the one recently in progress in Paraguay—bored her had evidently never seen one against its right background.

Long ago we decided the right background, which is a smart restaurant in a South American capital. A revolution is going on outside, with barricade-fighting, aircraft, artillery, infantry, gas, flame, and all the rest of it. Inside the restaurant a citizen suddenly jumps up crying "Viva el General Chiliconcarne!" and shoots his wife, the waiter, the manager, and three policemen. Fifteen revolvers reply to him. The restaurant becomes a shambles. Amid the uproar two frigid Anglo-Saxon voices are heard.

VOICE 1: I hear young Dusty's got his house-cap.

VOICE 2: Yes. Nice late cut.

(Troops rush in. Pitched battle.)

VOICE 1: Frightful people.

VOICE 2: Half of 'em aren't decently shaved.

VOICE 1: There's a frightful man waving to us over by that potted palm.

(Bomb wipes out Voice 1.)

VOICE 2: Frightful nerve. (Dies.)

After that we don't know. Maybe a noble apotheosis like the last scene of *Faust*, tall blond angels in cricketing flannels escorting both ex-Voices upwards, while an unseen choir sings "Land of Hope and Glory"? Ask the M.C.C.

Secret

As everybody knows, Canon Sydney Smith of St. Paul's (1771-1845) was one of the most sparkling of wits, and as everybody knows (except a gossip recently mourning over the bombed ruins of Holland House) there is a reason why very few of his best efforts have lived.

Of those that survive, our favourite is the one about Malthus, the birth-control apostle. ("He is a goodnatured man, and, if there are no appearances of approaching fertility, is civil to every lady.") Nightly at Holland House that sort of thing went on. If you ask why so much of it is lost, we don't mind telling you. The period was the Regency and the Race was drunk. What, everybody? Everybody. Surely not Jane Austen? Especially Jane Austen.

You may not know that Jane ("Baby") Austen was George the Fourth? We prove it by a cipher. George the Fourth was Bacon. You don't know half that goes on in the underworld of Literary Secrets.



Decorations by Wysard

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 4

A bird of the vulture tribe is Emmwood's latest exhibit, acquired at great risk to life, limb and reputation



The Common Lairybird—or Spiv

(*Smartalic Inextremus*)

Adult Male: General colour off-white; bluish, sac-like protuberances below eyes; beak pinkish, inclined to be mottled or blotchy; head feathers generally blue-black and greasy, impervious to water; brightly-coloured neck plumage; body usually dark, inclined to lumpiness on the scapula; feet yellow or tan-coloured. Bird of Prey; inclined to hunt at night (see condition of eyes).

Habits: In some ways rather sluggish; may be

seen sitting or standing motionless for hours, only moving when it sees a Sucker or other small prey. At other times it circles predatorily, uttering its plaintive, squealing cry; when in flight the action of the bird is described by all observers to be swift and imposing.

Habitats: Race-tracks, dog-tracks and lesser-known carrion pits or joints.

Adult Female: Similar to male, more deadly.



Miss Sheila Phillips, of Basingstoke, with Miss Yvonne Oldman's *Temptation*, which has pleased many judges lately



Mr. A. Reuss tantalises Peter, watched by Count Robert Orssich, Mrs. Stanley Barratt, Miss Anne Davy and Miss Anne Hill-Wood



Miss Mary Bailey-Southwell with Lt.-Col. M. J. Lindsay, D.S.O., Master of Staff College Draghounds



The Hon. Mrs. C. Allenby and Mr. John Moss judging hunters. The Show was held on Watchetts Recreation Ground

Sabretache

Pictures in

"THEIR objective . . . is plunder." (A recent Reuter message from the North-West Frontier of India.) It referred to some inroads by certain gentlemen from Over the Border, hard-by a place called "Dreary Ismail Khan" by anyone who has ever had the misfortune to have been there, but is marked on the map as Dera Ismail Khan on the ever-shifting Indus. Behind it is much that is not so dreary, a land of green pastures and comparative plenty, with much more to get than there is in the barren and frowning country in which the "tourists" live, and in which, in their spare moments, they try to eke out a livelihood by agriculture.

That, however, is more or less a sideline, for their main one is exactly what Reuter has said. On this recent occasion they slaughtered forty-nine Hindus, and, unless things have changed vastly, I should say that all of them were what are euphemistically called "Bankers." Anyone else would have been hardly worth while. The British Raj could not entirely hold this thing in check, but now that this steadying influence has gone and the Wardens of the Marches are much fewer in numbers, the thing is handed up on a plate to the gentlemen, who, quite apart from very strong feelings on the subject of usurers, have this ingrained love of adventure and the desire to get as much for nothing as is possible.

Herds of cattle and the money-bags of the Bunniah, or wealthy ones, are the main targets. In a most dramatic story of this region published in *Blackwood's* some years ago, Col. E. F. Knox, D.S.O., who served in both Gurkha and Sikh regiments, wrote:

Treeless, barren, lacking in water, for few rivers run through it, and the inhabitants depend largely on artificial rain-water tanks to supply their needs, it possesses few attractions. Just outside its southern boundaries the scenery changes as if by magic, thanks to a network of irrigation canals drawn from the Surkhab and Shamir Rivers, two big tributaries of the Indus. Leafy avenues border the roads, willows droop over the canals and villages, are

embowered in fine trees. The land is a sea of smiling crops; high, luscious sugar-cane, graceful maize, tall millet, wheat, cotton, and, in swampy patches, rice, alternate with each other, while wide stretches of verdant turf afford good grazing ground. Small wonder then is it if the Kohistani [or I, the writer, would add, any birds of similar feather], gazing down from his poverty-stricken hills, is tempted at times to take toll from the prosperity spread out at his feet.

There is also, as I have just mentioned, the little matter of the "Bankers," who are sometimes so stupid as to twist the tails of these very dangerous gentlemen of the barren hills.

Autumn Handicap Weights

THE first comment which suggests itself is: "Pity the poor plunger!" The Official Handicapper has already proved himself a conjurer, and where the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire are concerned, he has set the seeker after a nourishing autumn double a real poser. I do not think that it is any easier to say what is not going to win. Monsieur L'Amiral, for instance, has got the steadier of 9 st. 8 lb., but then, on the other hand, is being asked to give Reynard Volant only 2 lb. for that facile victory in the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot, when they had 9 st. 5 lb. each. The Cesarewitch is 4 furlongs 75 yards shorter than that Ascot adventure, but Monsieur L'Amiral has last year's race to his credit!

I wonder whether it would not have been a fair gamble to give him a real "Carbine" weight and risk it? Carbine won the Melbourne Cup, 2 miles, with 10 st. 5 lb., so a mere 10 st. would not have been very outrageous. I confess

that I should have been sorely tempted to do it. As it is, I suppose he is certain to accept and he might bring off the left barrel. If Sir John Jarvis's good horse could have beaten him at 2 lb., a good many people would have been immensely pleased, but Reynard Volant races no more. Field Day has got 2 lb. more than he carried in the Gold Cup, and that honest



Officers of the Staff College and R.M.A.



Mrs. H. C. Selby jumping the stakes in the Pair Hunter Jumping, an unusual and very attractive event

the Fire

Trimbush got the same weight as he then had, 9 st. In view of his recent battle practice, I should not have found him by any means unattractive. His Prince Edward Handicap win at Manchester reinforced his other good achievements, but now he has gone to the stud.

I repeat that it is very difficult to find one that has not been given a fair fighting chance, and I fully expect that Mr. Freer will be paid the compliment of a bumper acceptance on October 7th. He deserves it. The date of the race is October 15th.

A Turf Problem

As most people are very well aware, the Turf is full of them. Here is one sent by an incipient G.R. who is, so I gather, one of the brightest intellects of the Gun-room Mess in the ship in which he serves. "Should I be disqualified if my horse won when running away?" The answer is "No": but if your horse did not win when running away, the stewards might make some unpleasant remarks. *E.g.*, once upon a time a jockey who had his horse snugly tucked away behind three in the front row in line-abreast formation close to the finish, suddenly yelled: "Look out, boys! I can't 'old 'im!" They opened out in a flash, and through he bounced to win with his mouth open! The stewards could do nothing except look down their noses at the jockey when he weighed-in.

There was, however, a sequel; because the trainer, whose pet name was "Black Mike," let fly such a volcano of sulphurous language as he led the winner in that even a mounted policeman nearly fell off his horse; so they gave Mike a whole month's holiday, and said that for two two's they would have let the "Polis" deal with him for obstructing an officer in the execution of his duty.

But racing is really so full of puzzles and some most confusing jargon. "Won on his nose"; "Doddled home" (as if any horse was ever in such an advanced state of alcoholic poisoning); "Got up right under the judge's box" (as if

the official would not have jolly soon stopped any such subterranean antics); "Give him a gallop and next morning you could throw your hat through him." Such and many more are some of the loose ways in which the regular racing nuts and bolts do talk, to say nothing about that confusing expression, "a pony (or a monkey) each way!" which has led even some learned members of the Bench into believing that you get one of these animals as a prize if your horse is either first or last.

The Leger

SAYAJIRAO has done what most people believe his elder brother would have done if the Fates had not been against him. It was a Turf tragedy that Dante was unable to run in the Leger. Another classic has been most worthily collected by the family, and the method of it is bound to send the Nearco stock rocketing. I feel sure that if either "Pomponius Ego" or his bosom friend the Apulian classic had been present they would have made that well-known remark which can be found in the *Satiræ*! There has never been any doubt as to either Sayajirao's quality or courage. His one drawback was his placidity. To put it bluntly he's bone lazy. Anyone who saw him win the Warren Stakes at Goodwood would know how casual he seemed about it, but we always knew that the right stuff was there, and Britt compelled him to pull it out at Doncaster. If Arbar is really as good as some of the Frenchmen have said, then this Leger was a smashing good gallop. The doubts about Pearl Diver, expressed by his owner, turned out to be only too well founded. He was one of the biggest in the race, 16'2, and size is a bad handicap when underfoot it is as hard as the high road. Further comment must be left over, for my friend the printer declines to wait; also there is so much to say that the less than no time which circumstances afford is nothing like enough. One remark is necessary: "What a pity that rain came 48 hours too late!"



Temptation won a first prize at the Show, and its owner is here congratulating Miss Phillips



At one of the many picnic lunches: Lt.-Col. R. Rowley, Mrs. Rowley, Camilla Madoc, Mrs. Madoc, Major R. W. Madoc and (behind) Lt.-Cdr. Dunn Lantier, R.N.

Organise a Horse Show at Camberley



Major H. C. Selby taking the jump in the Pair Hunter competition, in which he entered with his wife



Major-Gen. F. R. G. Matthews, D.S.O., Commandant Royal Military Academy, and Miss Effie Barker



Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations
Brig. Inglis discussing the programme with Col. and Mrs. W. B. Devereaux

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"BROWNS AND CHESTER: A Portrait of a Shop (Lindsay Drummond; 15s.) has an unusual author—Mass-Observation. Up to now, this form of research has been applied to contemporary affairs; and enlightening, if sometimes startling, have its results been—we have been documented, if one may so put it, up to the hilt. We may still be ignorant as to our neighbours' ways of life if we so wish, but ignorance is no longer a necessity. The idea of turning Mass-Observation upon a particular tract of the past is, however, new. We are, by this means, given the life-story of a great provincial shop, "Browns of Chester."

The leading, old, big shops of English county towns and provincial cities are fascinating. They have a strong inherent character of their own. The more they have moved with the times, the more one is conscious of the past, with its traditions, behind them. Inside a certain distance from London, local shops have been perhaps a little debilitated by the pull from the capital—before the war, certainly, cheap day excursion tickets tended to carry ladies "to Town," and a certain snobbish prestige attached to the London purchase. It was noticeable, motoring through the country, how the shops improved—or, at least, how much more sizeable, vigorous and all-round they became—outside a, say, 80-mile radius from London. The North, of course, typically independent, has always been rich in its own important shops, and has therefore looked south for little or nothing. During the war, when so many people were living in the country and travel was both difficult and discouraged, county-town shops, in spite of increasing supply difficulties, enjoyed a definite renaissance. One may hope that the habit of shopping locally, reinstated in wartime, may remain. It was the practice of the good old families in the good old times, and its abandonment, in the inter-war years, made for disintegration, coolness of local feeling, and loss of contacts. Anybody in touch with public opinion in a county town must be conscious of the distinction drawn between families, in the surrounding countryside, who shop locally and those who "send to London." I feel that the

"Browns and Chester"

"A View of the Harbour"

"The Brontës"

"Georgia Boy"

prejudice against the latter is more than mercantile: a sort of lack of what might be called regional patriotism has been sensed.

IN Chester, little rivalry from London was to be feared: when, in 1782, Miss Susannah Towsey (later Mrs. John Brown) first sent her buyer to the capital in search of millinery models, ribbons, fancy gloves and "white soufflée for tippets," only three Chester-London coaches ran weekly, and the journey by road took six days. In the first place, Miss Towsey's little drapery and haberdashery shop, in the famous Rows, at the corner by the Cross, was an affair of individual genius. The particular Brown she married was a druggist—his establishment was a few doors from her own, and the romance, one may fancy, first arose from propinquity.

It was the sons of the marriage, William and Henry Brown, who, respectively born in 1789 and 1795, and dying in 1852 and 1853, took up where their gifted mother had left off, saw in the great days of expansion, built handsome colonnaded premises in Eastgate Street, and, generally speaking, put Browns on the map. The two brothers were succeeded by two others, their nephews, William and Charles Brown—whose sister Nessie, as a go-ahead influence on Browns' fashion department, played also an honourable part. Both William and Charles died at the turn of the century: William's son Francis came next. Francis died in 1907; his younger brother Harry's two sons represent the present generation.

How much a shop gains by remaining a family concern is to be seen from the pages of *Browns and Chester*. Not less importantly, Mass-Observation has shown how the life and growth of the shop was knit up

with, moved with, and to a degree expressed the life and growth of the city. The Browns were a great burgh family, aristocrats of trade: all through the nineteenth century they played a prominent, often a leading, part in local government. Sturdy Liberals in politics, they were progressives: the civic reforms and improvements in which they interested themselves are too diverse to be summarised here, but make fascinating reading—and not only for Chester people: here is a great slice of England. "The story," as the wrapper says, "is local and particular, but in essence and application it is the story of Anytown."

"BROWNS AND CHESTER" is full of quotations—from the fashion-columns of *The Chester Chronicle*, from advertisements (on from Miss Towsey's day), bills, family letters—which one longs to quote. Naturally, with the advance of time, material becomes richer: Mass-Observation gives interviews with now very aged persons who served behind Browns' counters or in its workrooms in early days. Onward from 1900 we have the great twentieth-century spurt—the first visit of a beauty specialist, the roof garden, the first mannequin parade. Among the illustrations, prints and photographs of street scenes and shop interiors, appears a series of charming fashion-drawings. From half-a-dozen different points of view this book is a mine of interest: it should not be missed.

"A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR" (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.) is Elizabeth Taylor's third novel. Young, she has reached the stage when one exclaims, "Good—a new Elizabeth Taylor!" This does not mean that her novels have settled into a type—apart from anything else, there have still been so few of them: how could they? It means, rather, that here is a name which stands for something distinctive in novel-writing, and which guarantees pleasure.

Yes, pleasure. I somehow get the impression that a good many novel-readers' attitude to the novel is somewhat fatalistic and dreary. "Can you," they say, "recommend me something not too frightfully bad?—of course, one does not expect much." I, on the other hand, do expect much from a novel, and consider myself justified in doing so. If the reading of fiction is not to provide pure, exquisite and transcendental enjoyment, why read fiction at all? There are ever so many facts one ought to find out about if one does not hope to enjoy oneself, why not improve one's mind?

I cannot feel that it is the business of novels to be "improving"—but, on the other hand, they can and should exhilarate. They should give one the feeling that human existence is a

Commemorating a Great Ship

When the Canadian destroyer *Haida*, built in a British shipyard in 1942, steamed into the port of Halifax, Nova Scotia, at the end of the war she was given a national welcome. The story of her fighting wartime saga, from Arctic convoys to Channel protection during the invasion, is splendidly told by Lt.-Cdr. Wm. Sclater, R.C.N., in *Haida* (Oxford University Press and Geoffrey Cumberlege; £1 1s.), with illustrations by Lt. Grant Macdonald, R.C.N.V.R., the artist. The drawings reproduced are characteristic studies of members of the crew relaxing or about their tasks J. M.



"Signal lamps were blinking welcome"



"The talk ranged far and wide"

fascinating (if maddening), iridescent, quivering, mysterious and, above all, exciting affair.

Miss Taylor, as a novelist, fulfils my exacting expectations—so much so that I cannot believe she will not fulfil yours if you still allow yourselves any. She does not, as a novelist, make any attempt to by-pass the fact that she is a woman—none of the best women novelists, from Jane Austen on through the Brontës, Colette (in France), "Elizabeth" of the *German Garden*, Virginia Woolf, and the now promising Eudora Welty in America, ever has. It is woman's fate to be closely involved with small things; it is the woman writer's business to see through them—something not short of vision, better than mere perspicacity, is wanted: this Miss Taylor has. She deserves, and has gained, attention from critics—but, still better, she pleases ordinary readers.

THERE is something infectious about the interest her characters take in themselves and each other. They are egotists, but they are never bores. In *A View of the Harbour* we have a group of assorted people, with nothing (in most cases) in common but the fact that their houses stand side by side. The scene is constant: a small English fishing harbour, overlooked by dwellers along the water-front. Small boats slap about, gulls skim; there is the white lighthouse which, after dark, swings its rotating beam over shabby façades and into windows of rooms. Miss Taylor's art is not unlike the beam from the lighthouse—it brings a scene or a face into momentary brilliant illumination, then moves on, picking out something else.

There is something tantalising but effective—perhaps the more effective for being tantalising—about this manner of story-telling. For, a story is definitely being told: much has happened between the beginning of *A View of the Harbour* and the end. Robert Cazabon, the doctor, and his novelist wife Beth; their daughters, Prudence and Stevie; Mrs. Bracey, of the second-hand clothes shop, and her daughters, Iris and Maisie; the war-widowed Lily Wilson, of the Waxworks Exhibition; Mrs. Flitcroft, the charwoman, and her nephew Eddie; Mr. Pallister, of the pub, charming, restless; Tory Foyle, the Cazabons' next-door neighbour, who has divorced her husband; Edward Foyle, whom his mother remorselessly describes as "an ordinary little boy"; Prudence Cazabon's two highly-strung cats—with all these we become uncannily intimate.

To an extent we have the outsider's view represented by Bernard Hemingway, retired naval commander, who is staying at the pub. Bernard, all his life, has aspired to be a painter—if his harbour paintings are now a doubtful success, he does show himself at least a born

confidant. Pottering about the water-front all day, posted in the bar in the evenings, Bernard has soon taken stock of all that is going on—between Rabelaisian, paralysed Mrs. Bracey, lonely Lily and moody, fascinating Tory he divides his attentions. He is misleading—an apparently bluff type whose sympathy is, at the same time, insidious.

BERNARD HEMINGWAY, Tory Foyle and Beth Cazabon are, decidedly, Miss Taylor's masterpiece characters. The agonizing situation created by Tory Foyle's and Robert Cazabon's discovering that they are in love is delicately handled both by the participants and Miss Taylor—here, I think, her method shows its value: whenever the high point of any one scene has been reached, we are given no more of that. Nothing goes on for too long; nothing lags or drags. There are no lengthy descriptions, and very little analysis—the dialogue, which is brilliant, is elliptic. The day-to-day conversations between Beth and Tory, friends since they were at school, wandering vaguely in and out of each other's houses, are, I think, as good as anything here—how unconvincing, as a rule, are women's friendships in novels. In Stevie, whose eyes go slightly out of focus as she drinks milk, and Prudence, mooning round with her cough and cats, we have the young at their most frenzied.

Some readers may find Miss Taylor's manner too fragmentary—though even they, I think, can hardly be proof against the queerly transparent atmosphere of this novel, which is like spring twilight at the seaside. Myself, I think that that very fragmentariness is a form of artistic honesty. Novelists of Miss Taylor's young generation have their own problems: life these days is an affair of snatches and moments, of combinations of oddly-assorted people. For the novel of to-day and to-morrow some new pattern or other will have to be found—Miss Taylor seems well on her way to finding one of her own.

IN *The Brontës* (Home and Van Thal; 6s.) Phyllis Bentley gives us a brief but satisfying study of that family of genius. What part did heredity and environment play in the poetry and novels of Charlotte, Emily and Anne? Herself a Yorkshirewoman, Miss Bentley has much of point to say about the Brontës as regional novelists. She establishes, admirably, their place in English literature, and shows how the work they left behind them was a triumph over the frustrations, sorrows and solitude of their lives. . . . This book is the first of a new series entitled "The English Novelists"—which, if the high standard set by Miss Bentley be maintained, should be valuable.

THERE are two recent recordings of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, and though it may seem too much to suggest, that both versions of this major work are heard, no one who really enjoys and appreciates music should miss listening to one or other set of records. Apart from the actual performance of the orchestras concerned, both recordings show how much in advance British recording systems are to those used in any other parts of the globe.

The Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, conducted by Eduard Van Beinum, play the work on Decca (K. 1626-1631), and the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli, present it on His Master's Voice (C. 3563-9). It is difficult to criticise the skill with which Van Beinum and Barbirolli interpret Berlioz's score. Personally, however, I think Van Beinum presents a smoother performance of the symphony, though there can be no doubt that Barbirolli's handling of the Hallé puts this English orchestra right back on top.

Robert Tredinnick.

IN *Georgia Boy* (Falcon Press; 6s.) we have Erskine Caldwell, of *Tobacco Road*, in broad, happy comic vein. Usually, you will recall, this novelist of Poor Whites in the Deep South is decidedly grim and dire—here, we have a book merry enough to become a classic. Mr. Morris Stroup, referred to as "my old man," is an incorrigible father: Ma, however, gives as good as she gets. The negro boy help, Handsome Brown, is less lucky. Goats on the roof, a gypsy queen in the woodshed, and a fighting cock ending up in a pie are among the hilarious episodes. The tickling of Mrs. Weatherbee, the grass widow, and the disorganisation of Miss Susie Thing's wedding are also not to be overlooked.

The cricket season has ended, but enthusiasts who bemoan that fact have one consolation: they can now settle down to a comfortable winter's reading of the 1947 *Wisden* (Sporting Handbooks; 7s. 6d.), whose production, like that of all other reference books, was seriously delayed by the fuel crisis. Now in its eighty-fourth year, *Wisden* is a hale octogenarian indeed. It has attained almost pre-war size again and its 700-odd pages shed, as heretofore, a flood of illumination over the cricketing scene, both by way of statistics and authoritative articles. Also, it contains so much intelligent anticipation that the enforced omission of the 1947 season cannot be considered a serious drawback.

On October 29th a new book for women entitled *She* will be published by Odhams Press, Ltd. Divided into four parts, it will offer advice on all the problems facing women in the modern world. It will be beautifully produced, and profits from its sale will go to the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation.



"We got some right smart cooks here"



"Silent seamen watched the long line of tanks"



"A gun captain reassured them swiftly"

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Huffam — Barnes

Mr. Derek Huffam, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Huffam, of South Hanger, Ice House Wood, Oxley, Surrey, married Miss Shiela Mary Barnes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Barnes, of Norcliffe Hall, Styall, Cheshire, at St. Philip's, Alderley Edge



Lowe — Brenard

At the King's Chapel of the Savoy Capt. A. G. Lyall Lowe, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Lowe, of the White Lodge, Penrhyn Bay, North Wales, married Miss Bettine P. Brenard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brenard, of 2, Wimpole Mews, London, W.1



Hare — Harper

Mr. Peter E. Hare, the International tennis player, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hare, of Moseley, Birmingham, married Miss J. M. Harper, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harper, of Little Aston Park, near Sutton Coldfield, at St. Peter's Church, Little Aston



Borland — Helwig

Mr. David Morton Borland, second son of the late Mr. David Borland, and of Mrs. A. J. Borland, of Middleton Lodge, Godalming, Surrey, married Miss Nessa Claire Helwig, only daughter of the late Mr. C. J. Helwig, and of Mrs. Helwig, of Tiverton, Devon, Jamaica



Scott — Eyres

Lieut. David Scott, D.S.C., R.N., younger son of Capt. W. T. Scott, and of Mrs. Scott, of 101, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, married Miss Judy Eyres, only daughter of Mr. E. de Meric Eyres, and of Mrs. Eyres, of Wood Green, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, at St. Saviour's, Wallon Street



Perry — Roynon-Jones

Mr. Frank Bruce Perry, elder son of Mr. F. E. Perry, of Dinas Powis, Glam., and Mrs. F. M. Orr, of Sunbury-on-Thames, married Miss M. V. (Peggy) Roynon-Jones, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. E. Roynon-Jones, of 40, Ann Street, Edinburgh, at St. John's Church, Princes Street, Edinburgh

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



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Miss Sheila Mary Grant and Lieut. David Brasier-Creagh, R.E., who are engaged to be married. Miss Grant is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Grant, of Dairy Farm, Winkfield, Berkshire, and Mr. Brasier-Creagh is the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Brasier-Creagh, of Hongkong



Miss Barbara Elizabeth Robinson (Betty) Carr, second daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Geoffrey Carr, of East Hagbourne, Didcot, Berkshire, who is engaged to Capt. Leslie Percy Manwaring, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Manwaring, of Eaton Place, Kemp Town, Sussex



Pearl Freeman

Miss Rona Gwendolen Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Robinson, of 47 Hill Top, London, N.W.11, who is to marry Mr. Royston Howard Kilbey, younger son of Mr. A. Kilbey and the late Mrs. Kilbey, of Winchester and Bournemouth



Miss Anne Borgeaud Clutterbuck, elder daughter of Captain (E.) and Mrs. B. W. H. Clutterbuck, of 1 Rosia Parade, Gibraltar, who is engaged to Capt. Robert Harold Emmett, M.C., R.E., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. F. Emmett, of Esher, Surrey



Lenarc

Miss Diana Mary Brooke-Popham, only daughter of Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, and Lady Brooke-Popham, of Cottisford House, Brackley, Northamptonshire, who is to marry Mr. Robert Henry Hope Barton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. H. Barton, of Saxby Hall, Brigg, Lincolnshire



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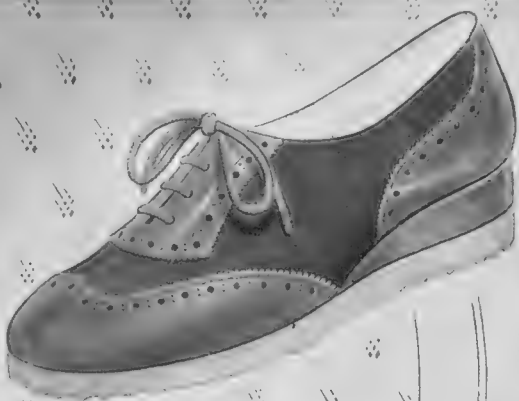


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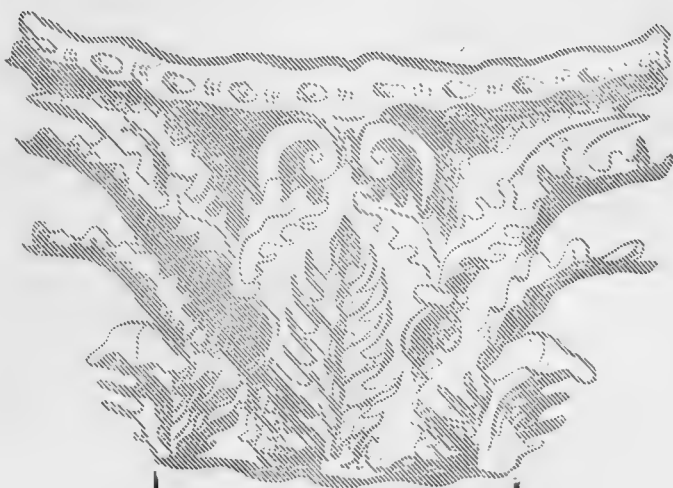


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turbojets were the power units of the Gloster Meteor, which were outstanding in the flying display.

Squadron Leader W. A. Waterton in the Meteor, indeed, gave the best jet aerobatic display I have seen, swooping up in rocket loops which took him 10,000 feet high, and then grass cutting past the spectators at great speed. Whether static, in the exhibition, or dynamic, in the flying display, the Derwent deserved the admiration it received.

Axial Annulus

Engines have always been our strong point, and the one which was worth a close look was the Beryl turbojet by the comparative newcomer to aviation, Metropolitan-Vickers. It is an axial flow turbojet, and therefore rather longer and rather slimmer than the centrifugal types, and, most important, it has an annular combustion chamber.

The burning of the charge is done in a ring chamber

surrounding the middle of the engine instead of in separate flame boxes. So one might say that the air, instead of going round and round, goes straight through, collecting a little fuel and fire on the way.

Some of the propjets indicated how slim the nacelles of the newer air liners will be. An engine like the Napier Naiad or the Bristol Theseus could be accommodated in a pencil-fine nacelle.

No Basic

All measures of economy are unpopular with those concerned, and in consequence one looks with suspicion on the outcry that was raised about the abolition of the basic petrol ration. Yet when one looks into the position as the Government has presented it, the abolition of basic petrol does appear to be an error.

Sir Stafford Cripps's list of targets for the various industries shows how much he is relying upon motor cars and aircraft in the drive for exports. But both motor cars and aircraft must suffer in Britain by the petrol cuts.

Is the Government assuming that a flourishing export industry can be built up without any home market as a foundation? That seems to be the belief. Yet I doubt if we shall be able to export either motor cars or aeroplanes and aero-engines if we stop flying and motoring in this country.

It is not so much that the markets in this country will be killed. That might not matter. But the know-how and the interest among the general public will be killed. Obviously a country with a million private flyers is more likely to know what is a good and what a bad aeroplane than the country with ten. Obviously it is more likely to be able to make a good aeroplane than the country with ten.

Yet the Government assumption is that we shall be able to hold and to develop export markets in motoring and flying without having any motor cars or flyers of our own. There is a fault in the logic of it.

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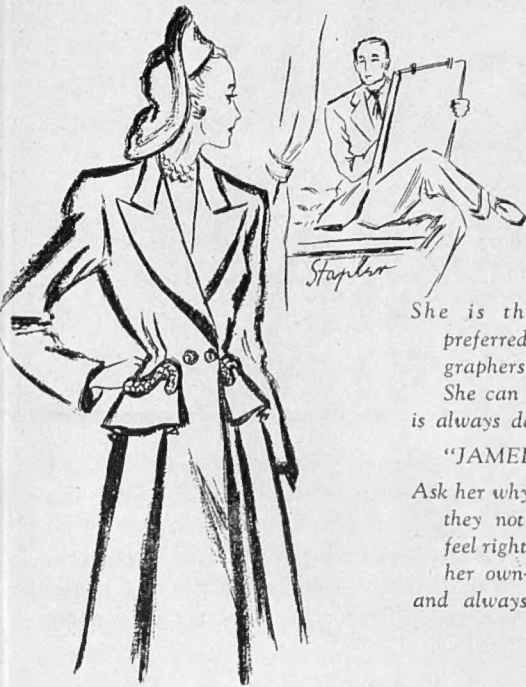


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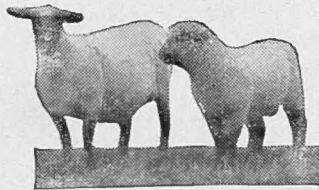
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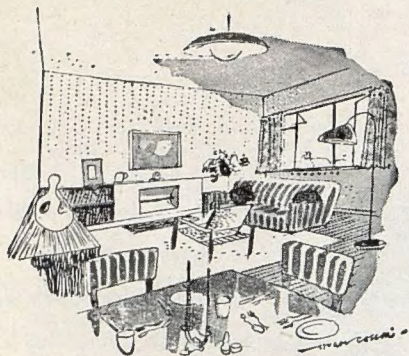
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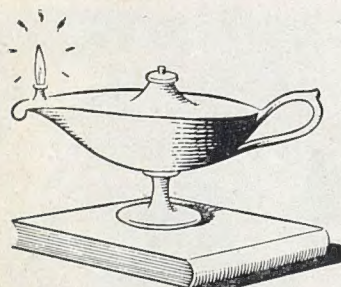


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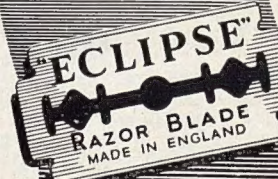
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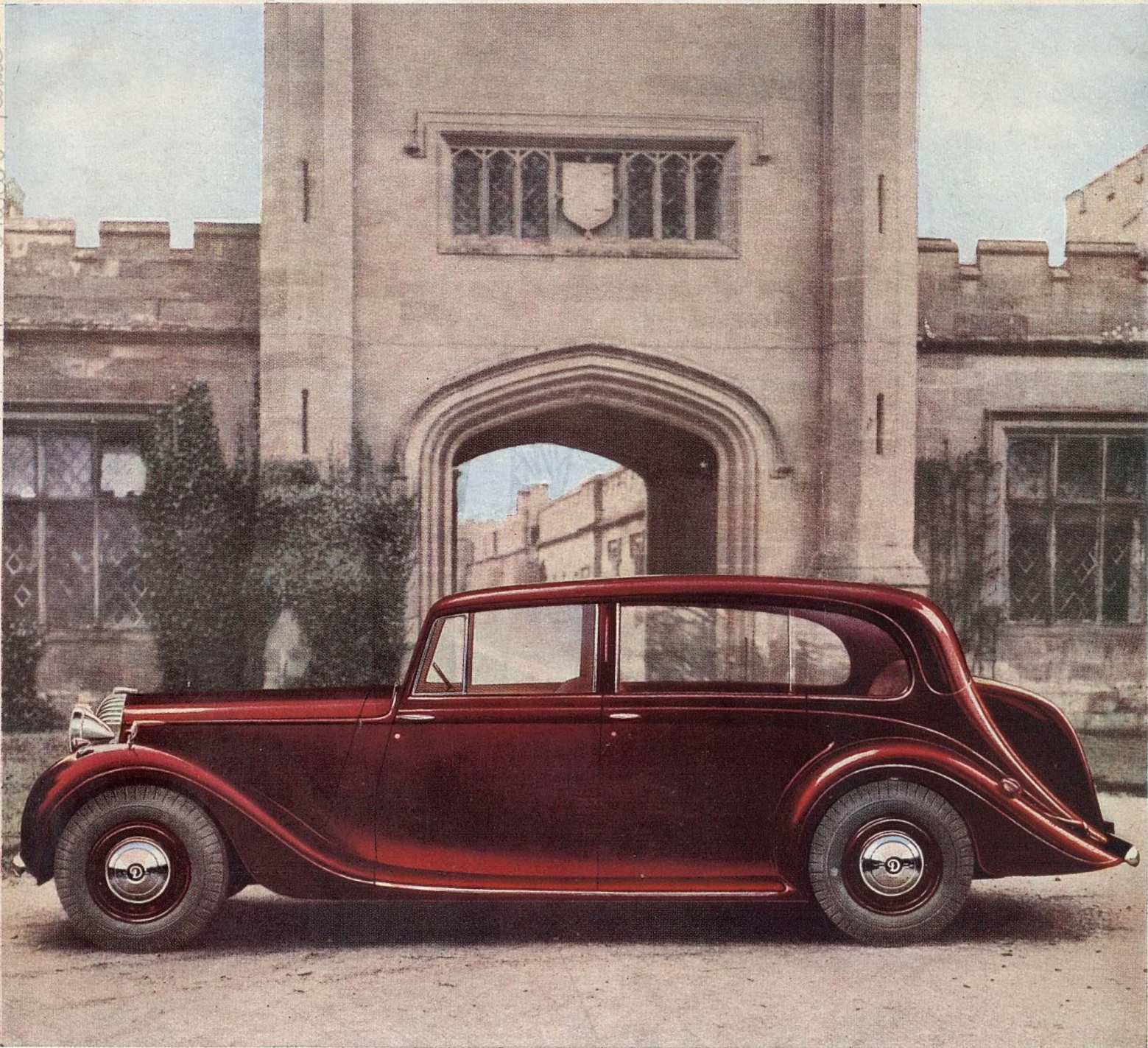
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